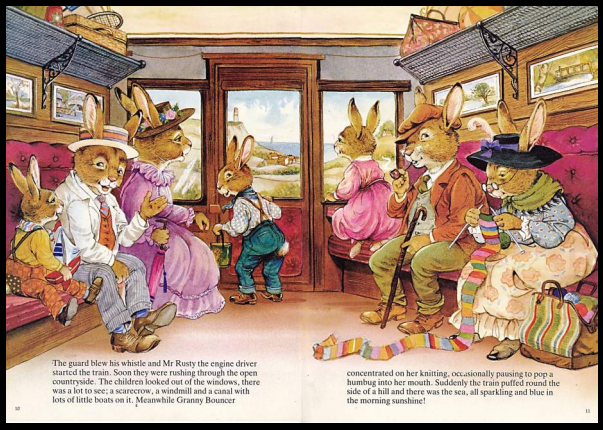
"First, go and pick the biggest pumpkin you can find," said the Fairy Godmother. Cinders did as she was asked. The old lady waved her wand and the pumpkin turned into a golden coach.
"Now, bring me six white mice and two lizards," said the Fairy Godmother. Cinderella quickly did as she was asked again. The Fairy Godmother waved her wand and the mice became six white horses and the lizards became a footman and a coachman.

MASSIVEfantastic Emagazine #4

The INCREDIBLE Book Illustrations Of John Patience!

John Patience! I'm a BIG fan of John Patience and his WONDERFUL traditionally illustrated book art. John's work covers classic Fairy Tales as well as creates AWESOME fantasy worlds and stories of his own. I've posted some of my FAVORITE of John's work in this eMagazine! Be sure to check out John's websites for more WHIMSICAL and FANTASTIC art!

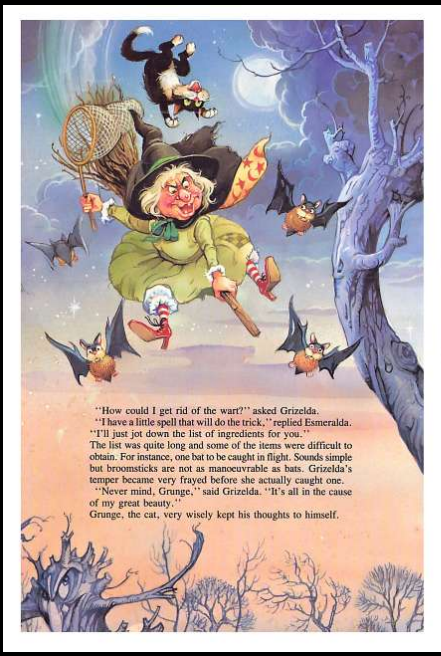
John Patience
www.johnpatience.co
www.patience.co.uk
www.johnpatience.deviantart.com/gallery


The guard blew his whistle and Mr Rusty the engine driver started the train. Soon they were rushing through the open countryside. The children looked out of the windows, there was a lot to see; a scarecrow, a windmill and a canal with lots of little boats on it. Meanwhile Granny Bouncer
concentrated on her knitting, occasionally pausing to pop a humbug into her mouth. Suddenly the train puffed round the side of a hill and there was the sea, all sparkling and blue in the morning sunshine!

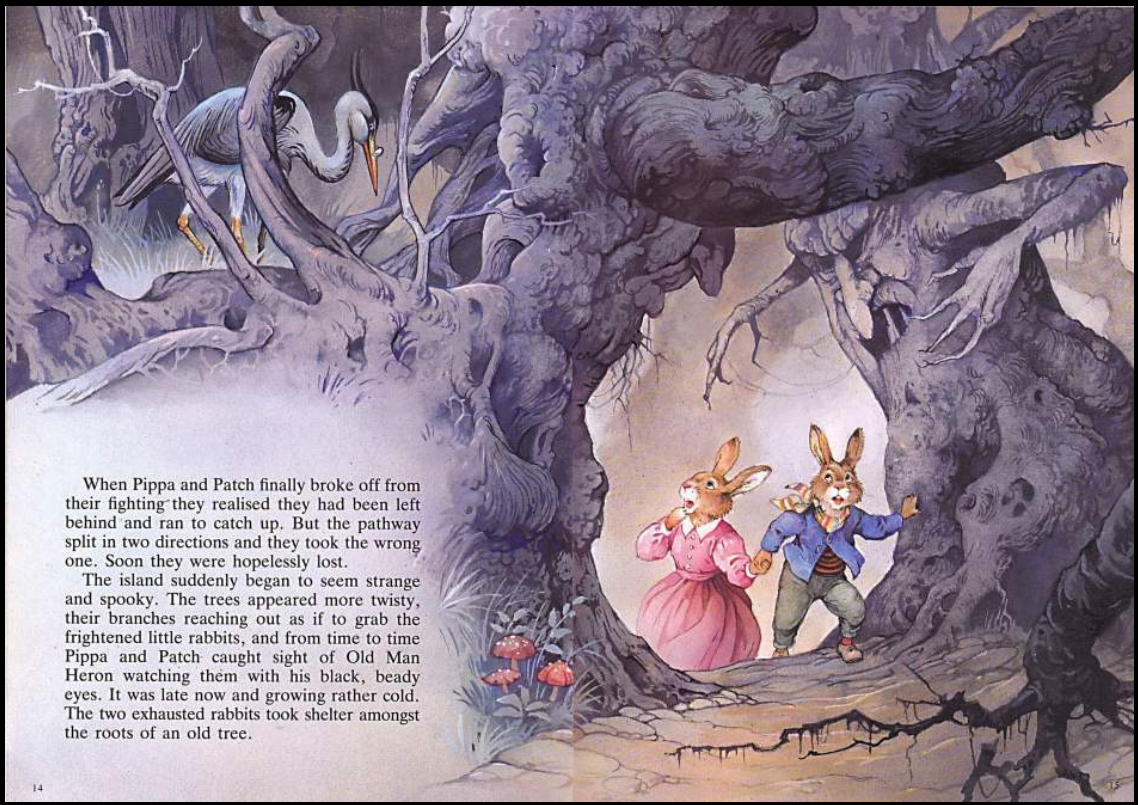
Fern Hollow and Wind In The Willows Art / Page 3

Robin and the Sherwood Kids were sitting around their camp fire cooking breakfast. Unfortunately, the wood was damp and the fire began to smoke. From a high tower of his castle, Little Prince John spotted the telltale plume of smoke rising up above the trees.
"Quick, saddle the horses," he ordered. "That smoke will lead us to Robin Hood's secret hide-out!"
Robin and the Sherwood Kids were caught unawares by Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham's attack and scattered into the forest.

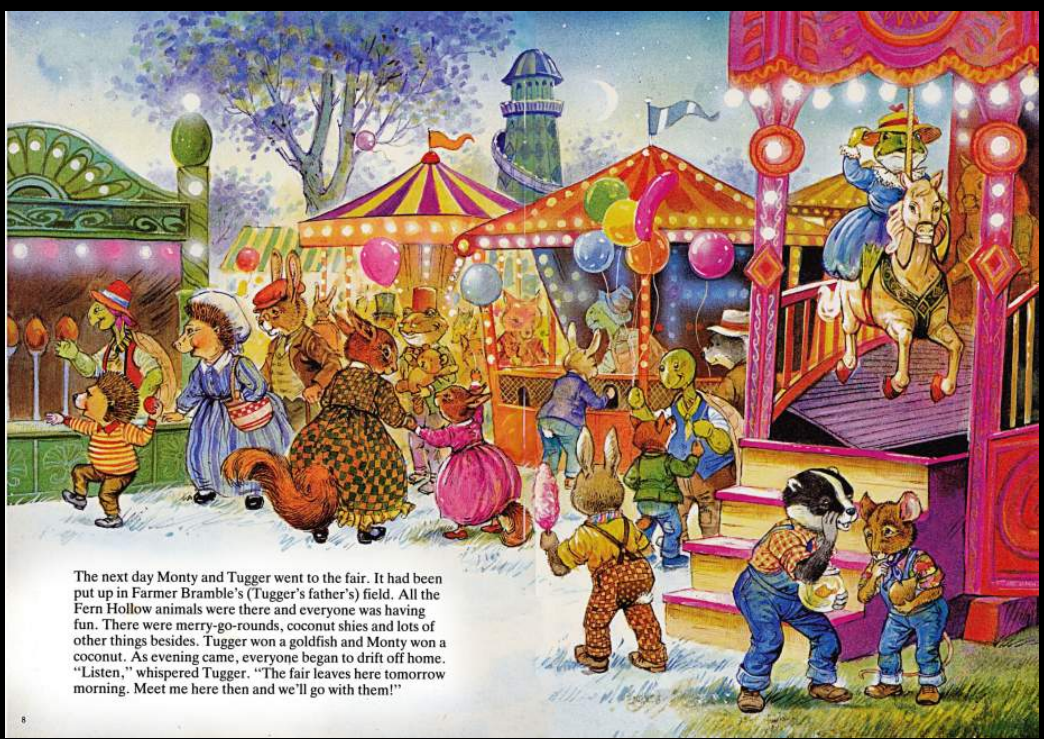
Classic and John's Own Fairy Tales Series / Page 10


"How could I get rid of the wart?" asked Grizelda.
"I have a little spell that will do the trick," replied Esmeralda.
"I'll just jot down the list of ingredients for you."
The list was quite long and some of the items were difficult to obtain. For instance, one bat to be caught in flight. Sounds simple but broomsticks are not as manoeuvrable as bats. Grizelda's temper became very frayed before she actually caught one.
"Never mind, Grunge," said Grizelda. "It's all in the cause of my great beauty."
Grunge, the cat, very wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

Interview and Pop Up Books / Page 6


When Pippa and Patch finally broke off from their fighting they realised they had been left behind and ran to catch up. But the pathway split in two directions and they took the wrong one. Soon they were hopelessly lost.
The island suddenly began to seem strange and spooky. The trees appeared more twisty, their branches reaching out as if to grab the frightened little rabbits, and from time to time Pippa and Patch caught sight of Old Man Heron watching them with his black, beady eyes. It was late now and growing rather cold. The two exhausted rabbits took shelter amongst the roots of an old tree.
14
15

Some of my favorite of John Patience's work is in his FANTASTIC fictional animal stories. Combining EXCELLENT character design and EXCELLENT background and setting art in stories ranging from "Fern Hollow" to the classic "Wind In The Willows"!

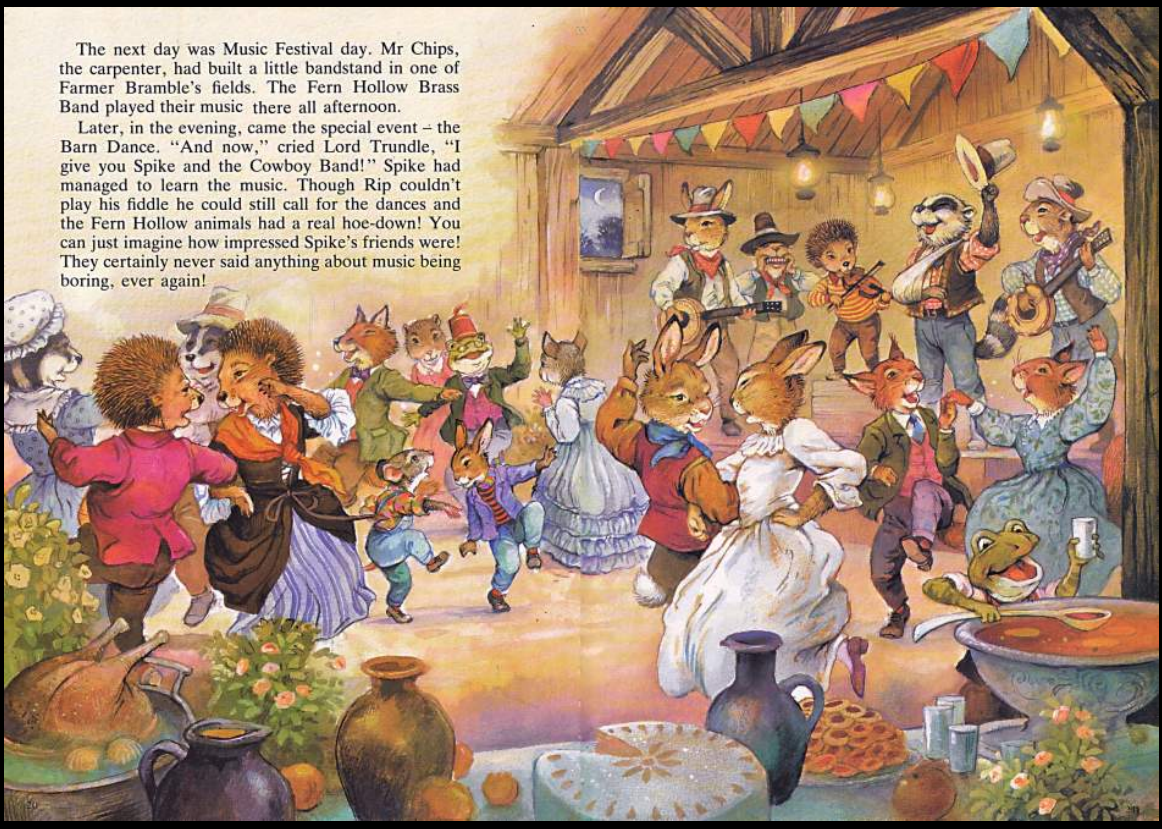

The next day Monty and Tugger went to the fair. It had been put up in Farmer Bramble's (Tugger's father's) field. All the Fern Hollow animals were there and everyone was having fun. There were merry-go-rounds, coconut shies and lots of other things besides. Tugger won a goldfish and Monty won a coconut. As evening came, everyone began to drift off home. "Listen," whispered Tugger. "The fair leaves here tomorrow morning. Meet me here then and we'll go with them!"
8

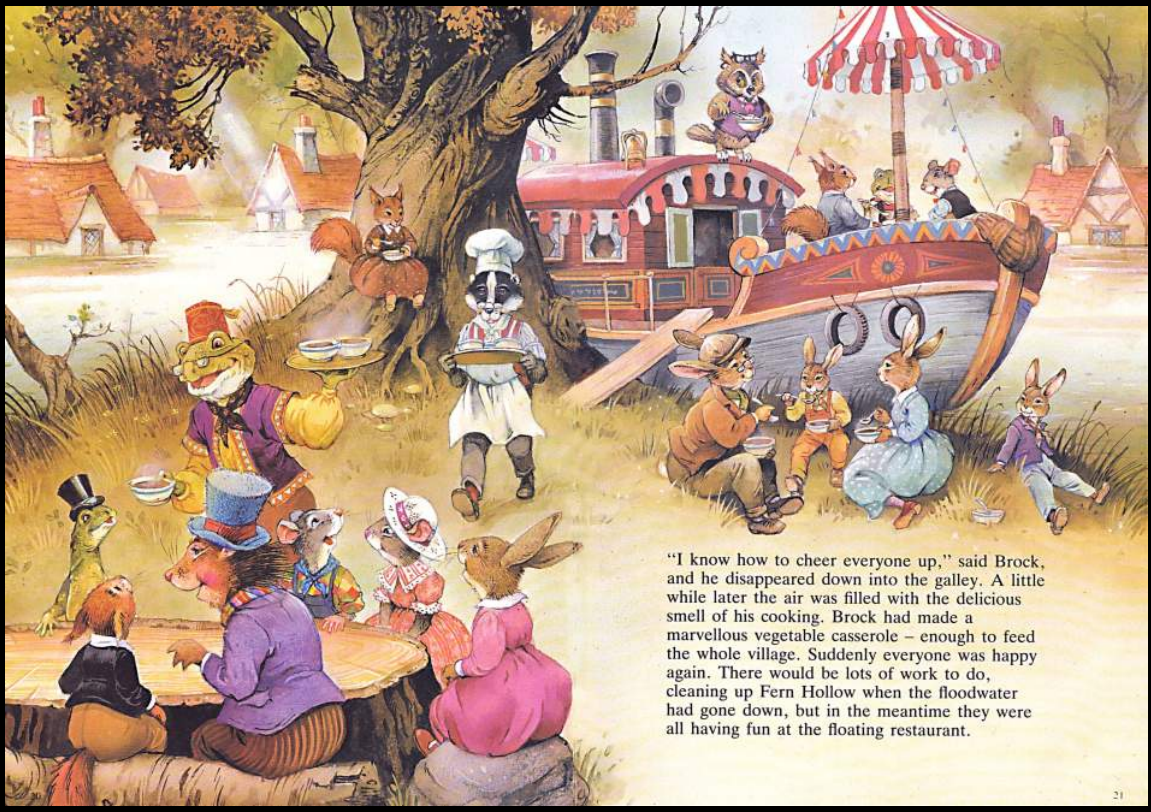
The day for the annual seaside trip had arrived and Fern Hollow railway station was packed with excited animals; buying tickets, showing off new buckets and spades and exclaiming to each other what a perfectly beautiful day it was. As was usual for this occasion, a special train had been booked and, as it drew into the station puffing out steam and smoke, an enormous cheer went up from the children.

The guard blew his whistle and Mr Rusty the engine driver started the train. Soon they were rushing through the open countryside. The children looked out of the windows, there was a lot to see; a scarecrow, a windmill and a canal with lots of little boats on it. Meanwhile Granny Bouncer concentrated on her knitting, occasionally pausing to pop a humbug into her mouth. Suddenly the train puffed round the side of a hill and there was the sea, all sparkling and blue in the morning sunshine!

The next day was Music Festival day. Mr Chips, the carpenter, had built a little bandstand in one of Farmer Bramble's fields. The Fern Hollow Brass Band played their music there all afternoon.

Later, in the evening, came the special event – the Barn Dance. "And now," cried Lord Trundle, "I give you Spike and the Cowboy Band!" Spike had managed to learn the music. Though Rip couldn't play his fiddle he could still call for the dances and the Fern Hollow animals had a real hoe-down! You can just imagine how impressed Spike's friends were! They certainly never said anything about music being boring, ever again!





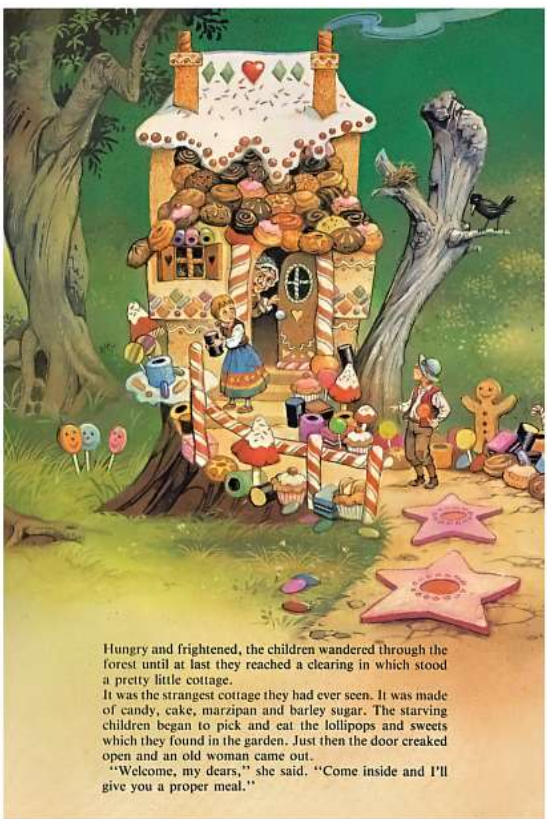
"I know how to cheer everyone up," said Brock, and he disappeared down into the galley. A little while later the air was filled with the delicious smell of his cooking. Brock had made a marvellous vegetable casserole – enough to feed the whole village. Suddenly everyone was happy again. There would be lots of work to do, cleaning up Fern Hollow when the floodwater had gone down, but in the meantime they were all having fun at the floating restaurant.

Interview With The AMAZING John Paitence

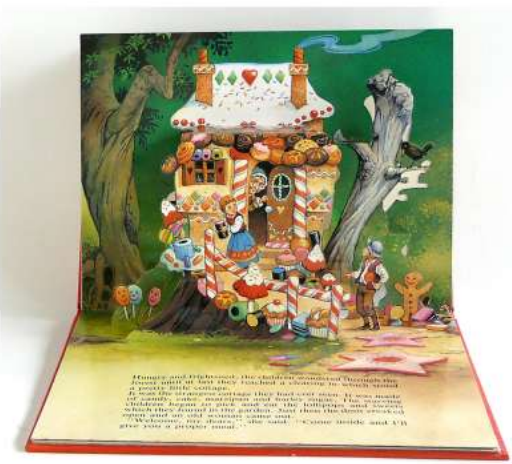
The seventh fairy had no gift to bestow. Instead she screamed out a horrible curse,
"On her sixteenth birthday the Princess will prick her finger on a spindle and die!"
So saying, she disappeared in a cloud of smoke.
A terrible silence fell upon the room. Then the sixth fairy spoke.
"I cannot undo the curse," she said, "but I can soften it. The Princess will not die but will fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

1 Who are your favorite artists?

I am still inspired and motivated by the work of illustrators both English and American who were working in the early 1900's . I discovered books illustrared by those artists in antiquarian bookshops in London in my early twenties. Of course there are many more recent artists whose work I admire but they dont have the same emotional hold over me.


Hungry and frightened, the children wandered through the forest until at last they reached a clearing in which stood a pretty little cottage.
It was the strangest cottage they had ever seen. It was made of candy, cake, marzipan and barley sugar. The starving children began to pick and eat the lollipops and sweets which they found in the garden. Just then the door creaked open and an old woman came out.
"Welcome, my dears," she said. "Come inside and I'll give you a proper meal."

2 How important is it to you to pursue your artistic passion?

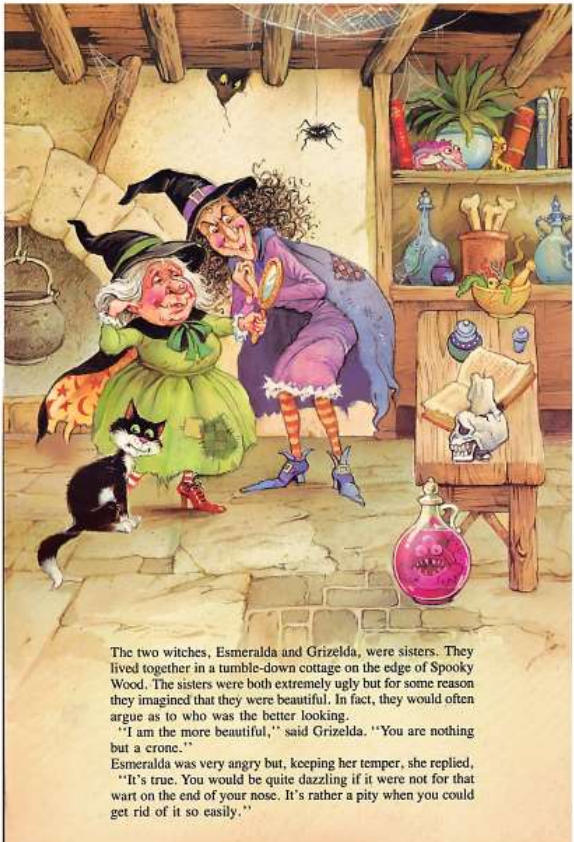


There are times when I feel I have nothing left to say; at those times I just draw (most recently trees) and that activity in itself makes me happy. Art is in the blood. Since I was a child it has been my way of relating to the world and defining myself.

Deep in the heart of Transylvania, upon a craggy mountainside, perched an ancient, crumbling castle. In one of the great, gloomy halls of that castle, Count Dracula awoke in his coffin, stretched and yawned.
"Can I get you something for breakfast, Master?" asked his servant. "A nice, juicy rat perhaps?"
"No thank you, Ghoul," replied Dracula. "I think I'll pop out for a bite instead."
Dracula spread out his cloak and, transforming himself into a hideous, vampire bat, he flew out through an open window.

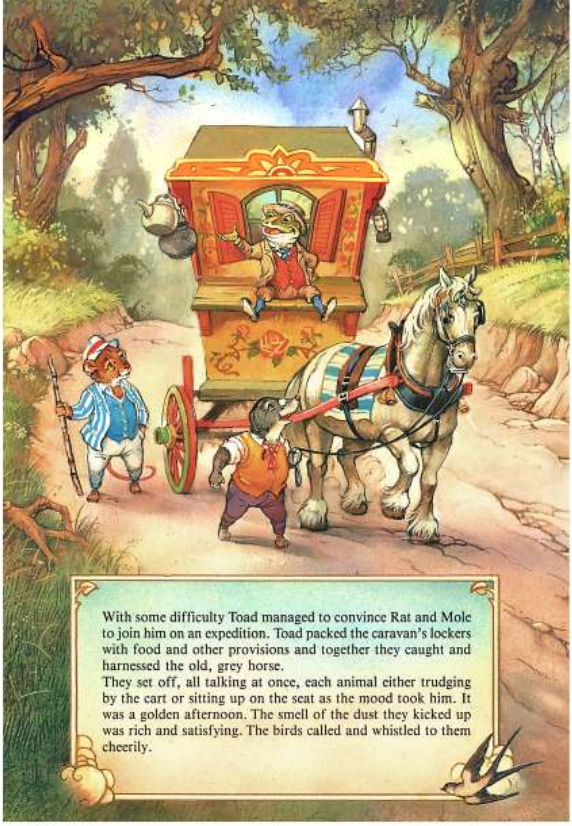
3 Can you describe your creative process when making art?

It begins with an idea which more often than not comes when I'm very relaxed, in a kind of meditative state, though I don't actually practice meditation (I think I would find that too stressful :)). The idea is followed by lots of work in the attempt to bring it into the world.


The two witches, Esmeralda and Grizelda, were sisters. They lived together in a tumble-down cottage on the edge of Spooky Wood. The sisters were both extremely ugly but for some reason they imagined that they were beautiful. In fact, they would often argue as to who was the better looking.
"I am the more beautiful," said Grizelda. "You are nothing but a crone."
Esmeralda was very angry but, keeping her temper, she replied,
"It's true. You would be quite dazzling if it were not for that wart on the end of your nose. It's rather a pity when you could get rid of it so easily."

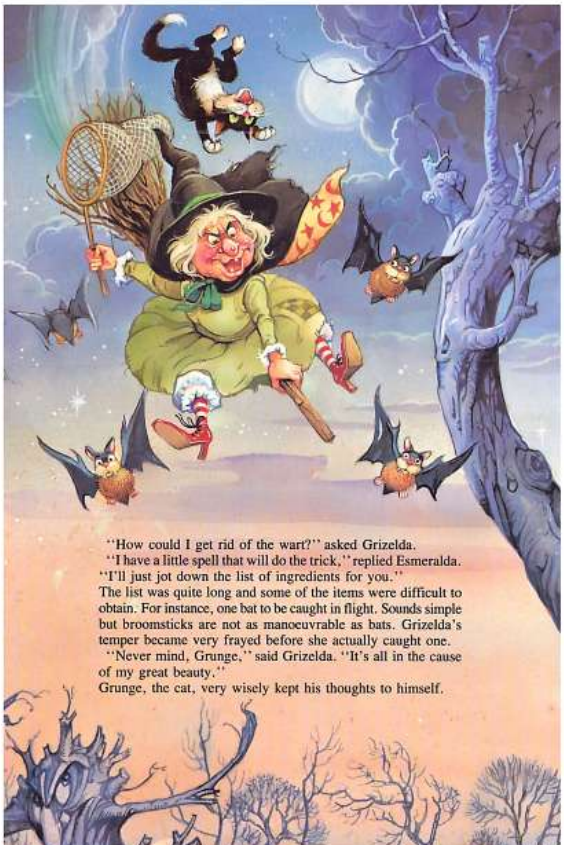
4 What medium and tools do you use?

Ink, acrylics, gouache and pastels. In recent years I have also begun to use digital means of production. I've become facinated by Zbrush. In my minds' eye I have always seen my work in 3D. Now I can make characters in 3D and rotate them on my computer screen. MAGIC!


With some difficulty Toad managed to convince Rat and Mole to join him on an expedition. Toad packed the caravan's lockers with food and other provisions and together they caught and harnessed the old, grey horse.
They set off, all talking at once, each animal either trudging by the cart or sitting up on the seat as the mood took him. It was a golden afternoon. The smell of the dust they kicked up was rich and satisfying. The birds called and whistled to them cheerily.

5 What is your ideal work environment?

Home.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The list was quite long and some of the items were difficult to obtain. For instance, one bat to be caught in flight. Sounds simple but broomsticks are not as manoeuvrable as bats. Grizelda's temper became very frayed before she actually caught one.
''Never mind, Grunge,'' said Grizelda. ''It's all in the cause of my great beauty.''
Grunge, the cat, very wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

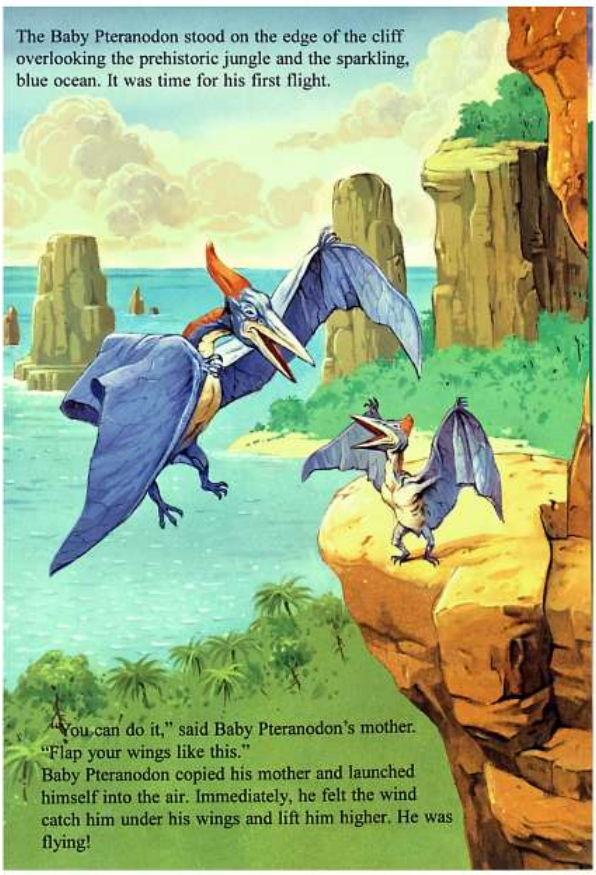
6 How and when do you get your best ideas?

I think I have already covered that one, I have to say though that inspiration is a fantastic thing but if you're trying to make a living as an illustrator you can't afford to sit around for too long waiting for a thunderbolt idea to strike you. I had a tutor at college who used to say, “You can't think without a pencil in your hand”. He was right - a pencil is a great lightening conductor.

Time passed and the seventh fairy's curse was forgotten. The baby grew up into a beautiful Princess. Then, on the morning of her sixteenth birthday, the Princess was wandering around the castle when she came upon a room at the top of a tower. She entered and found an old woman sitting at her wheel.
"What are you doing?" asked the Princess. She had never seen a spinning wheel before.
"I'm spinning," said the old woman. "Would you like to try?"
But no sooner had the Princess begun to spin than she pricked her finger and fell into a deep sleep.
Then the old woman, who was really the wicked fairy, let out a horrible peal of laughter and disappeared.

7 What is the secret to creating a great piece of art?

"A great piece of art". Well I suppose it depends on who's looking at it.


The Baby Pteranodon stood on the edge of the cliff overlooking the prehistoric jungle and the sparkling, blue ocean. It was time for his first flight.
"You can do it," said Baby Pteranodon's mother. "Flap your wings like this."
Baby Pteranodon copied his mother and launched himself into the air. Immediately, he felt the wind catch him under his wings and lift him higher. He was flying!

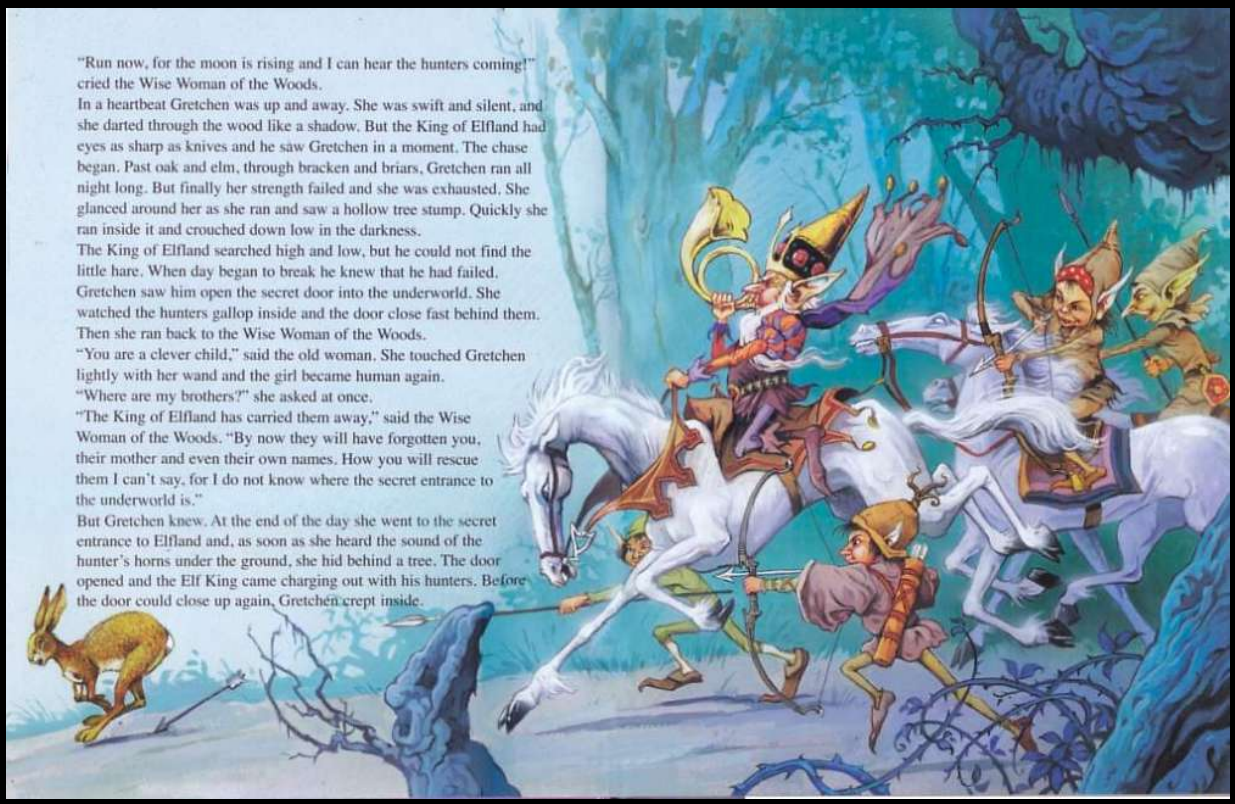
8 If you could give other artists one piece of advice what would it be?

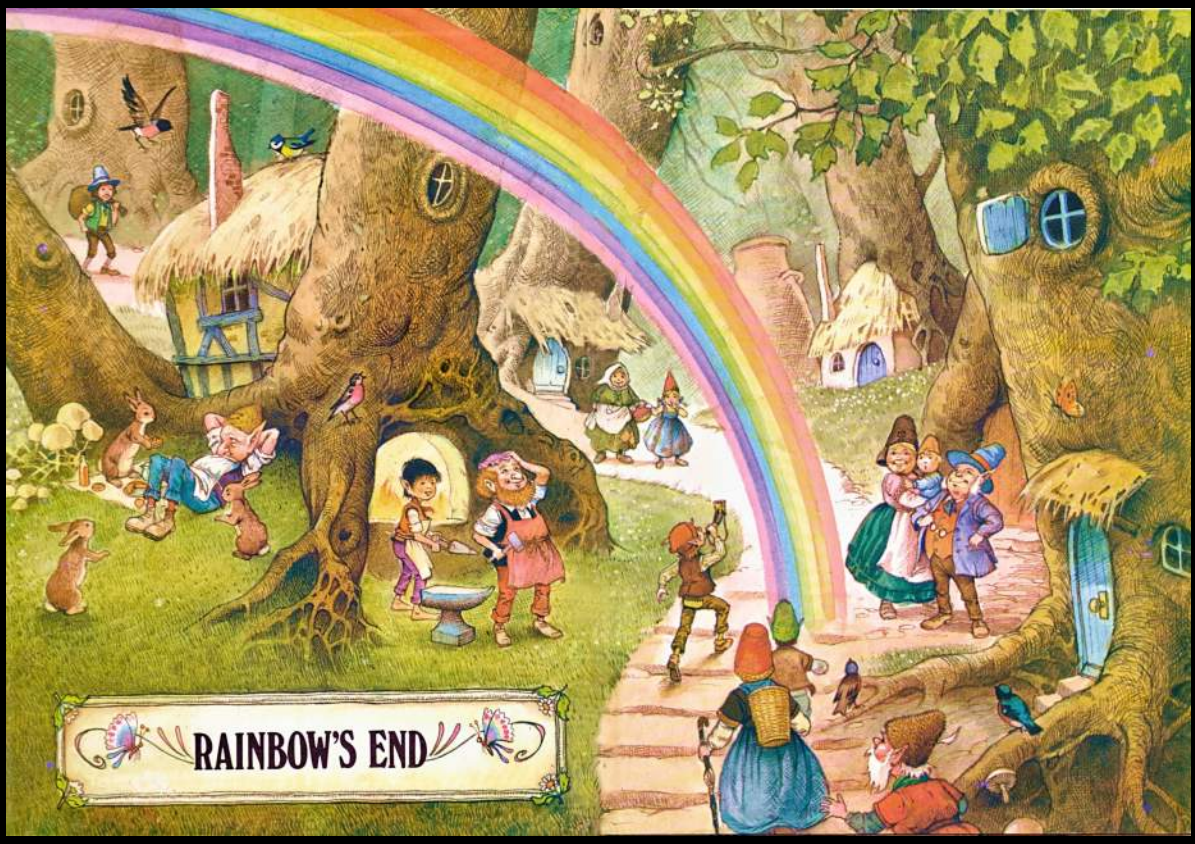
The Baby Pteranodon stood on the edge of the cliff overlooking the prehistoric jungle and the sparkling, blue ocean. It was time for his first flight.

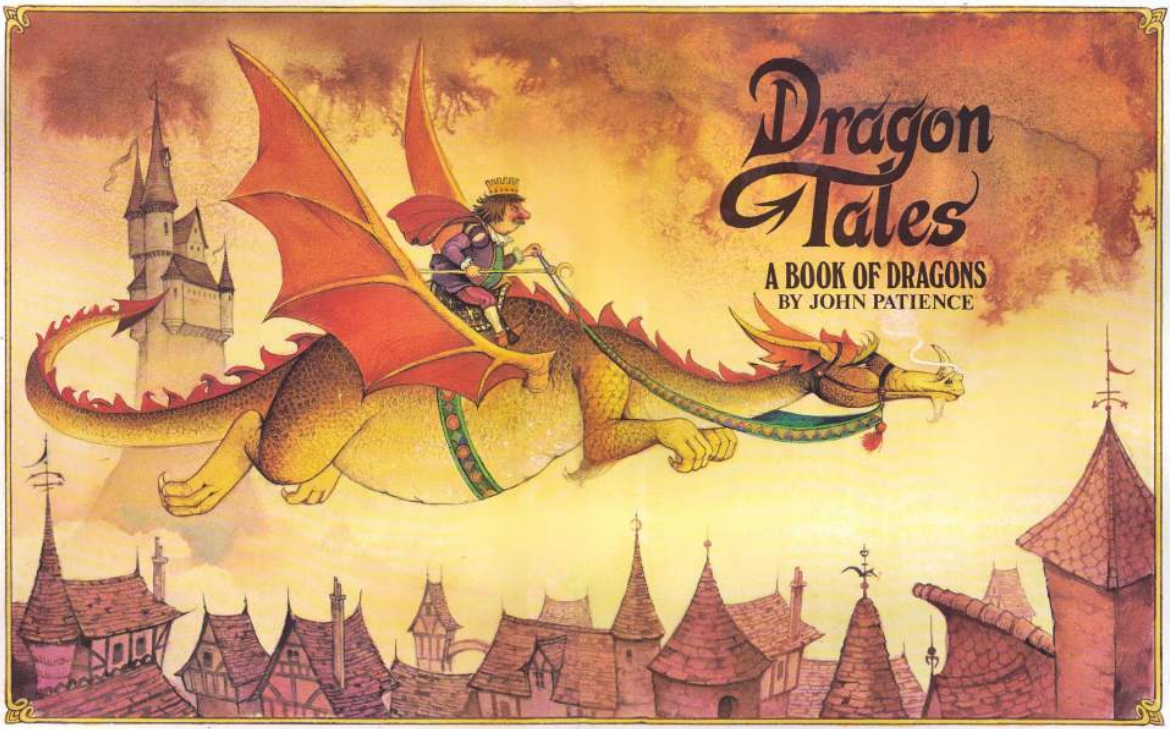
Work hard and be very lucky.

But the Queen looked into her magic mirror and asked who was now the fairest in the land.
"Oh, Queen, thou art of beauty rare," it replied,
"But Snow White living in the glen,
With the seven little men,
Is a thousand times more fair."
Then the Queen realised her servant had tricked her. She transformed herself into an old woman and went to the dwarves' cottage. She knocked on the door and begged for a glass of water. In return she gave Snow White an apple from her basket.
"It looks delicious," said Snow White and she took a big bite. But, alas, the apple was poisoned and Snow White fell down dead.

John brings to life Classic as well as his very now Fairy Tales through his BEAUTIFUL and whimsical art! Some of my favorite of his AMAZING art comes from "The Sherwood Kids", classic "Beauty And The Best" and "Little Red Riding Hood" books." Be sure to check out all his AMAZING art!

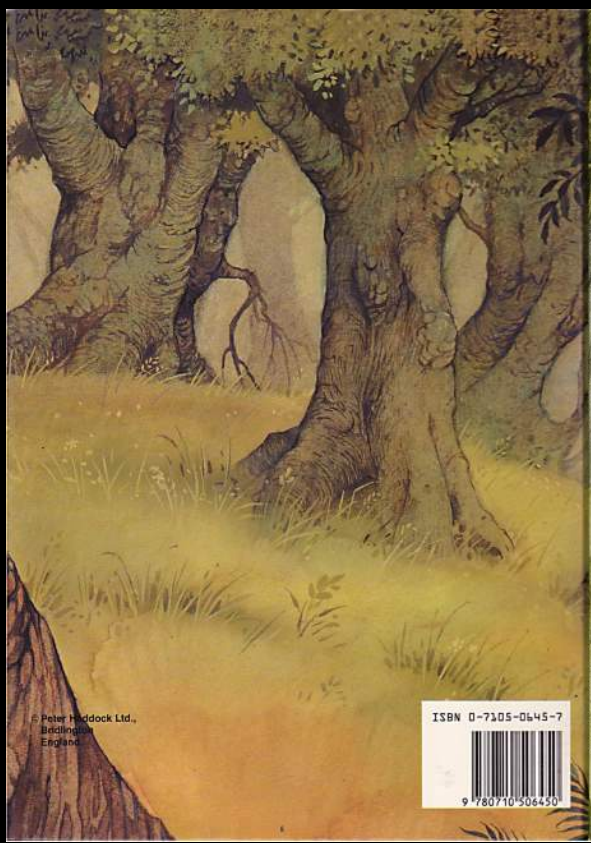

"Run now, for the moon is rising and I can hear the hunters coming!" cried the Wise Woman of the Woods.
In a heartbeat Gretchen was up and away. She was swift and silent, and she darted through the wood like a shadow. But the King of Elfland had eyes as sharp as knives and he saw Gretchen in a moment. The chase began. Past oak and elm, through bracken and briars, Gretchen ran all night long. But finally her strength failed and she was exhausted. She glanced around her as she ran and saw a hollow tree stump. Quickly she ran inside it and crouched down low in the darkness.
The King of Elfland searched high and low, but he could not find the little hare. When day began to break he knew that he had failed. Gretchen saw him open the secret door into the underworld. She watched the hunters gallop inside and the door close fast behind them. Then she ran back to the Wise Woman of the Woods.
"You are a clever child," said the old woman. She touched Gretchen lightly with her wand and the girl became human again.
"Where are my brothers?" she asked at once.
"The King of Elfland has carried them away," said the Wise Woman of the Woods. "By now they will have forgotten you, their mother and even their own names. How you will rescue them I can't say, for I do not know where the secret entrance to the underworld is."
But Gretchen knew. At the end of the day she went to the secret entrance to Elfland and, as soon as she heard the sound of the hunter's horns under the ground, she hid behind a tree. The door opened and the Elf King came charging out with his hunters. Before the door could close up again, Gretchen crept inside.


RAINBOW'S END


Dragon Tales
A BOOK OF DRAGONS
BY JOHN PATIENCE

As soon as they were inside the bedroom, father bear growled in his big gruff voice, "Somebody has been lying on my bed." "Somebody has been lying on my bed too," said mother bear in her medium-sized voice. "Somebody has been lying on my bed," cried baby bear, "and they're still there, fast asleep!"

The three bears gathered around and stared in astonishment at the pretty little girl with golden curls. Who on earth was she? And what was she doing in their cottage?



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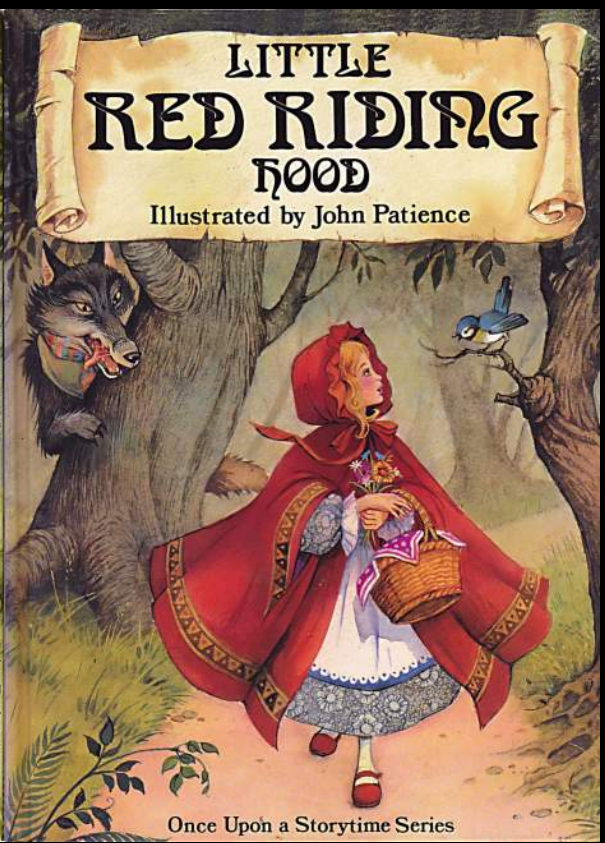
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

John Patience



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Illustrated by John Patience

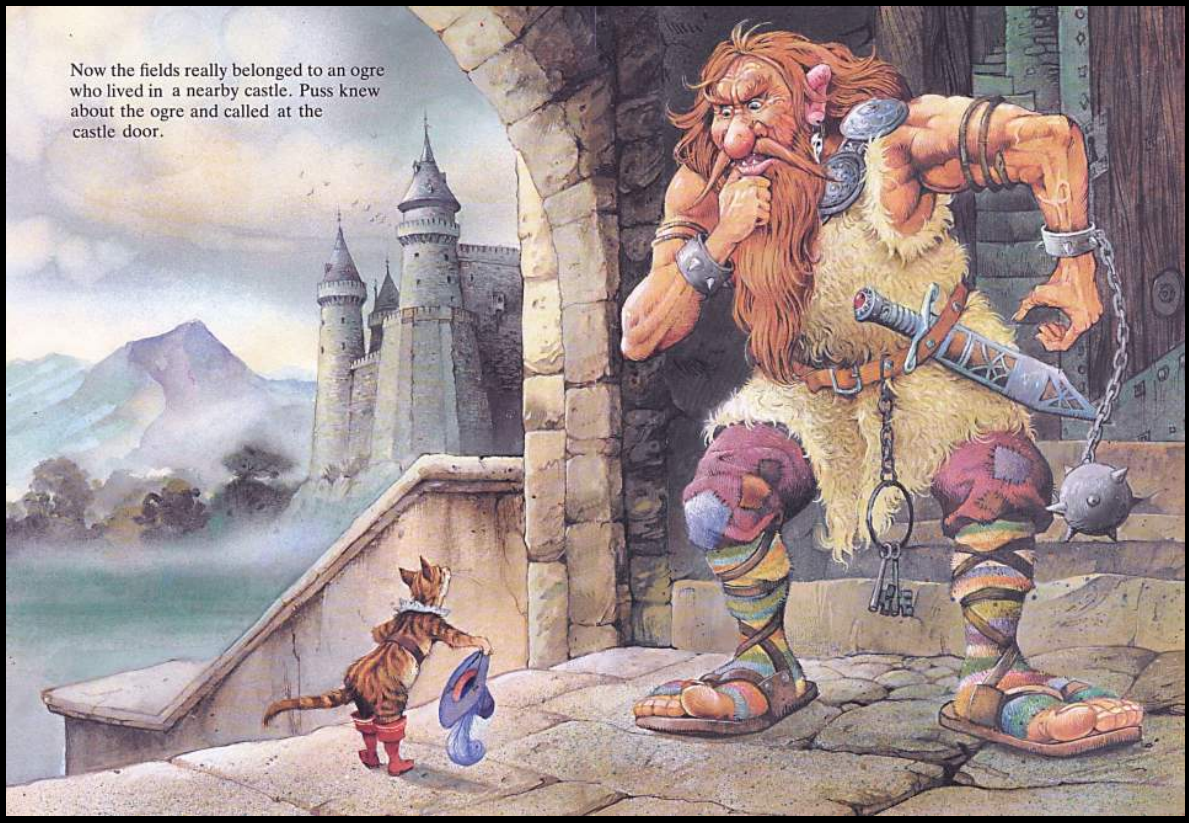
Once Upon a Storytime Series

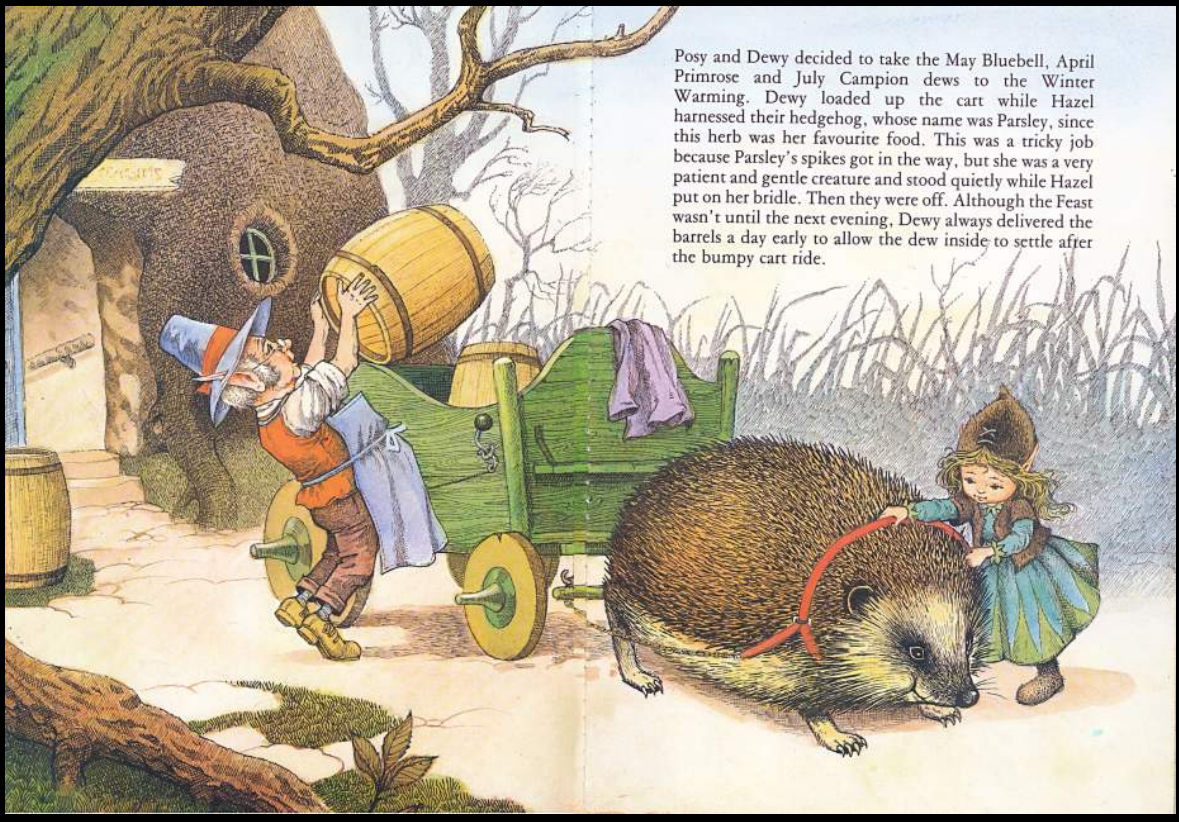
Well, Red Riding Hood took no notice of what the woodcutter had told her. She dilly dallied along the way and stopped to pick a bunch of wild flowers for her granny.

Alas, a big bad wolf was prowling around looking for his lunch and spied Red Riding Hood amongst the flowers. He had a mind to eat her up there and then but he could hear the sound of the woodcutter's axe and knew he must be working close by, so the wolf dared not show himself.

After a while, Little Red Riding Hood arrived and knocked on the cottage door. "Who's there?" asked the wolf, doing his best to make his voice sound like Granny's. "It's Little Red Riding Hood with a pie from Mother," came the reply. "Come in, dear," called the wolf. Red Riding Hood thought her granny sounded rather strange, but she opened the door and stepped inside. She saw a figure in bed, wearing a nightcap and spectacles, with the sheets pulled up to the chin.

Now the fields really belonged to an ogre who lived in a nearby castle. Puss knew about the ogre and called at the castle door.





Posy and Dewy decided to take the May Bluebell, April Primrose and July Campion dews to the Winter Warming. Dewy loaded up the cart while Hazel harnessed their hedgehog, whose name was Parsley, since this herb was her favourite food. This was a tricky job because Parsley's spikes got in the way, but she was a very patient and gentle creature and stood quietly while Hazel put on her bridle. Then they were off. Although the Feast wasn't until the next evening, Dewy always delivered the barrels a day early to allow the dew inside to settle after the bumpy cart ride.

A few days later Robin decided to visit his old friend Dusty Miller. As he approached the mill he heard the sound of some sort of commotion. Peeping out from behind a bush, Robin and the fox saw Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham. The Sheriff was emptying bags of flour out into the stream!

"I know you're a friend of Robin Hood," snarled John. "Tell me where I can find his secret camp or **all** your flour will end up as paste."

"Never!" cried Dusty. "I'll not betray Robin Hood!"

"Very well," said Prince John. "Sheriff, burn down the mill."

Robin could not crouch in his hiding place and see Dusty's mill burned down. He quickly scribbled a message and gave it to the fox.

"Take this to Marion as quickly as you can," he whispered.

Then, stepping bravely out into the road, he confronted his enemies.

"Stop!" cried Robin. "Leave Dusty alone. I give myself up!"

Prince John was delighted.

"I hope you'll be as comfortable in my dungeon as I was in your net," he sneered.

Then the Sheriff tied Robin up with rope and he was led off to Prince John's castle.

Robin and the Sherwood Kids were sitting around their camp fire cooking breakfast. Unfortunately, the wood was damp and the fire began to smoke. From a high tower of his castle, Little Prince John spotted the telltale plume of smoke rising up above the trees.

"Quick, saddle the horses," he ordered. "That smoke will lead us to Robin Hood's secret hide-out!"

Robin and the Sherwood Kids were caught unawares by Prince John and the Sheriff of Nottingham's attack and scattered into the forest.